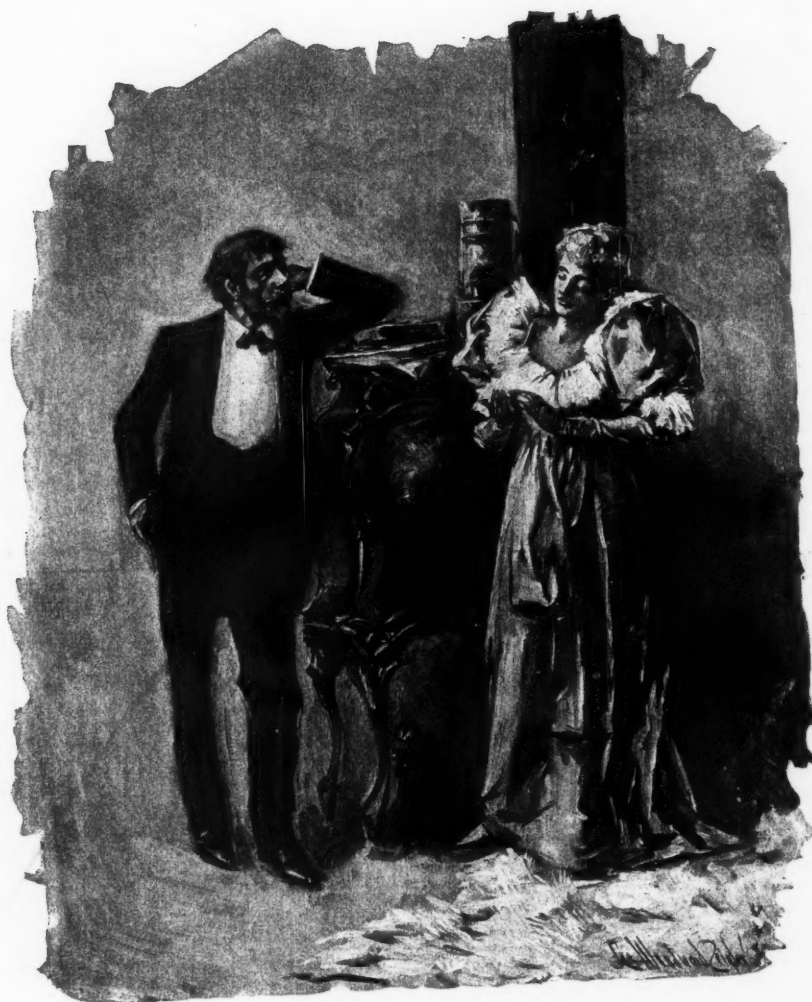
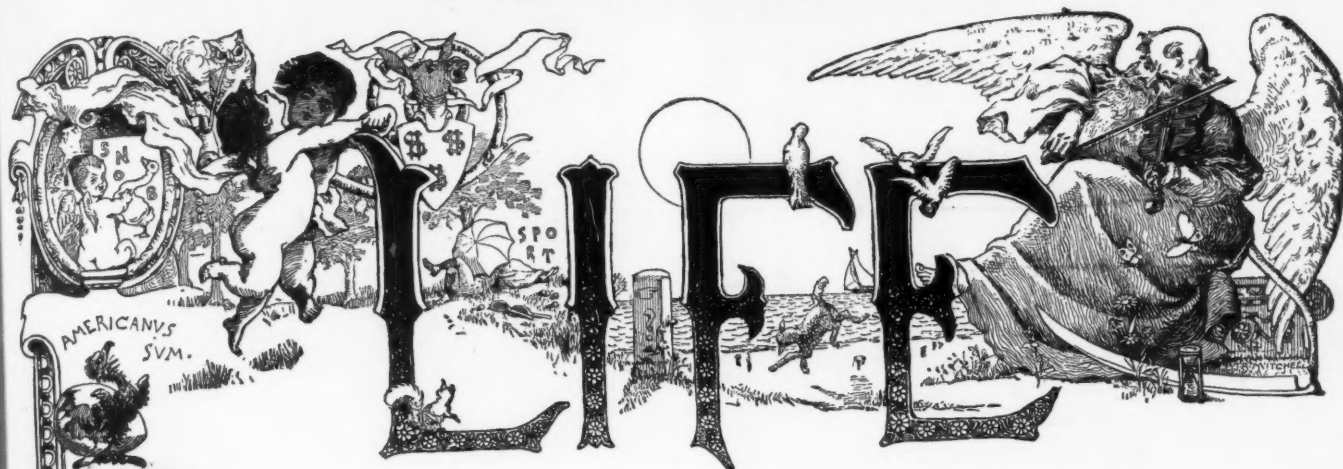


Entered at the New York Post Office as Second-Class Mail Matter.
Copyright, 1893, by MITCHELL & MILLER.



NOT INCLINED THAT WAY.

"DO YOU THINK YOU COULD EVER LOVE A POET ENOUGH TO MARRY HIM?"
"WELL, I MIGHT, IF HE WERE VERY RICH, AND PROMISED FAITHFULLY TO SWEAR OFF."

If
ow
of
for
om
ely
can
the
sed
ists
to
boy
He's
tha,
&
what
mad
was
the

Y
m
e

Solid Silver

Exclusively.



WHITING M'F'G CO.

Silversmiths,

Broadway & 18th Street,
NEW YORK.



HAVE REMOVED
TO
Broadway & 18th



Designed
by
Elihu Vedder.
Executed
by
Whiting M'f'g Co.

R. H. MACY & CO.

6th AVENUE, 13th to 14th STREET, N. Y.

(4th FLOOR NEW BUILDING.)

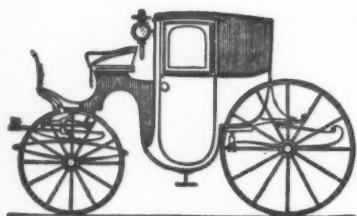
Mexican Onyx Clocks and Mantel Sets,
Library Lamps and Cabinets,
Dresden and Vienna Cabinet Specimens,
Cararra & Castellina Marble, Busts,
Groups, Statuettes.

Embracing over two-hundred subjects, including some of the best examples
of ITALIAN ART.

The attention of customers is invited to our LADIES' PARLOR on fourth
floor, new building. Furnished to insure rest from the fatigue incident to
shopping; also to the exhibition of paintings by the celebrated Genre artist, J.
G. BROWN, ESQ., N. A., composing eighteen of his most important studies.

FLANDRAU & Co.,

372, 374, 376 BROOME ST.



Pleasure Vehicles for
Town and Country.

All Standard Designs and Novelties.

LARGEST STOCK
FINISHED VEHICLES
IN THE WORLD

ASK FOR
Hair Cloth Crinoline,
GREY, BLACK AND WHITE,
MADE BY
AMERICAN HAIR
CLOTH COMPANY,
CONSOLIDATION OF

Pawtucket Hair Cloth Company,
American Hair Cloth Padding Company,
National Hair Seating Company.

The largest Hair Cloth manufacturers in the
world, and producing the finest goods. Made
from selected imported horse hair.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS

Such as Glazed Thread, Fibre and other
materials; they do not resist dampness, and
have no elasticity.

Hair Cloth Crinoline is what
you require.



Boston's Leading Hotel,
THE VENDOME.
COMMONWEALTH AVENUE.

Stern Bros

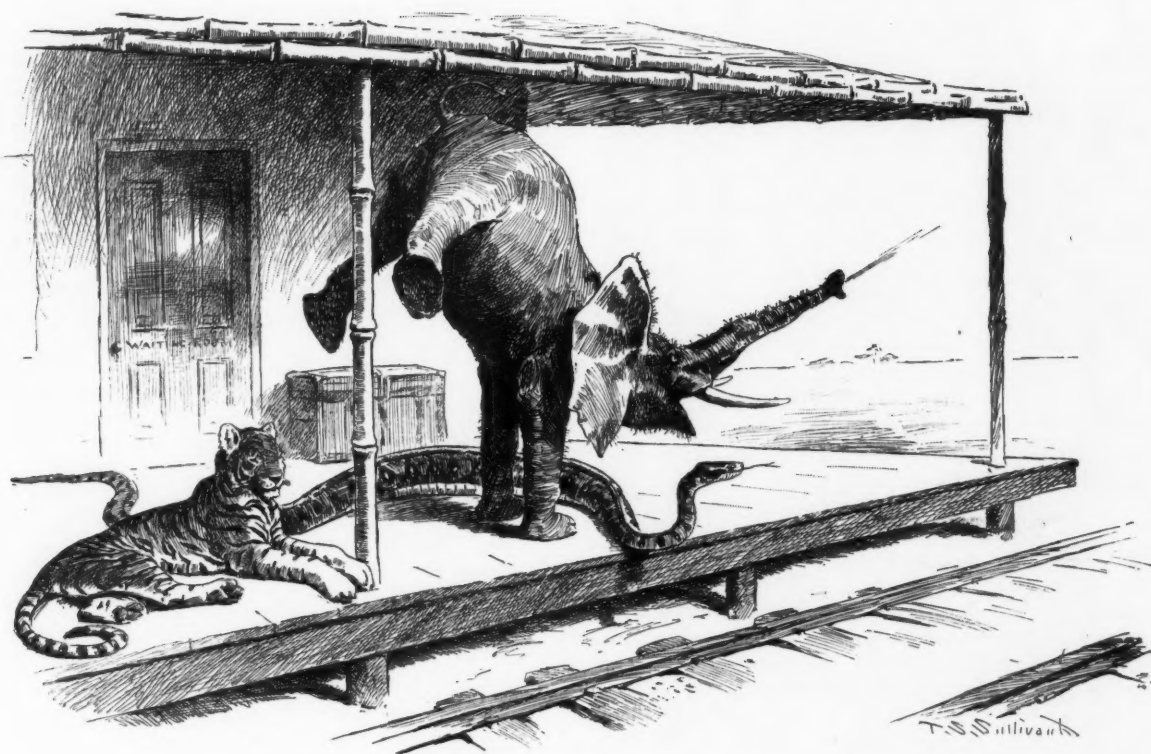
invite attention to their
complete assortments of

Tourists' Requisites

consisting in part of
Plain and Handsomely Fitted
Travelling Bags
in Seal, Alligator
and Lizard Skin;
Dress Suit Cases,
Hat Boxes,
Travelling Clocks
And Fancy Sundries
Imported
Steamer and Railway
Shawls and Rugs
in great variety

At Very
Moderate Prices

West 23d St



RAILROADING IN DARKEST AFRICA.

Telegram from Station Agent at Umbajiji to Division Superintendent.

No. 10, up accommodation, just passed without stopping. Tiger, python and rogue elephant on platform.

BETWEEN TWO FIRES.

"IT seems to me," said Uncle Silas Sassafras, as he read the rules and regulations tacked on the door of his room at the Hyprise Hotel, "that these hotel people just systematically try to bleed people."

"What is it, father?" asked his wife.

"Why, one of these dinged rules says, 'Don't blow out the gas,' and another says, 'Gas burned all night will be charged extree.' Now what's a fellow to do?"

BOGGS: The street cleaning in New York now is purely mathematical.

FOGGS: How mathematical?

BOGGS: It is done under the rule of three—Croker, Gilroy and Brennan.



"IF HE THINKS HE KIN MAKE UP WID ME BY OFFERIN' ME A RIDE IN HIS CARRIDGE, HE IS VERY MUCH MISTOOK, I KIN TELL HIM!"



"While there's Life there's Hope."

VOL. XXI.

MAY 11, 1893.

No. 541.

28 WEST TWENTY-THIRD STREET, NEW YORK.

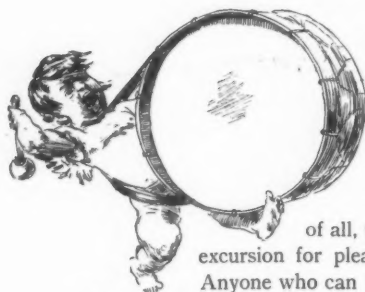
Published every Thursday. \$5.00 a year in advance. Postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.04 a year, extra. Single copies, 10 cents. *Rejected contributions will be destroyed unless accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.*



THE naval parade has left one or two impressions vividly stamped upon the American mind. One is that if the Miantonomoh can hit as big as she talks she can thrash anything afloat. Another is, that without disparagement to the good-fellowship of a large congregation of brave and amiable visiting mariners, Admiral Sir John Hopkins, of the British warship Blake, is a most particularly bland and affable gentleman, and here's a-hoping that his head may never be swelled nor his liver torpid.

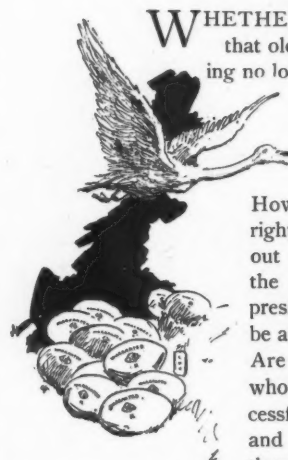
It cannot be denied that an impression also got around that from ten to one on a damp morning was a long period to wait, especially as the whole of it was located between meals, and (for most of the people) at an insuperable distance from food. But being primarily the fault of Sergeant Dunn, it is lost time to grumble about that, since the Sergeant is irresponsible, and complaint is wasted on him.

The worst of great shows is the cast-iron obligation that the bulk of the community seems to feel to view them. The best of them is that they, too, pass away, and that the ordinary burdens of life feel lighter by contrast after them.



AND now for the Fair. Of course we have got to see it, but let us take it as easily as we can. It will simplify the undertaking if we come to a clear understanding beforehand about our motives. First of all, the trip to the Fair is not an excursion for pleasure, but a duty to be done. Anyone who can have some fun incidentally will be that much ahead, but it conduces to a more satisfactory experience to understand beforehand that the expedition to Chicago is a business trip to be taken like a pill, without unnecessary grimaces, and with hopes of the best results. It is to be hoped that in the majority of cases the pill may be found to be sugar-coated; but even if it is not, the effect may

be just as salutary in the end. Wherefore, brethren, if we strike the wrong crowd, or arrive on the day when the waiters revolt, or are burned up in a water-proof hotel, or find ourselves flat with fatigue the third day out, or whatever other detail of misery or misadventure we may encounter, let us bear all philosophically as obstacles met with in the path of duty, and not as avoidable snags that we have run blindly into in a wild chase after pleasure. Let us not carry our philosophy so far as to omit to enjoy ourselves if occasion offers, but merely refuse to be disappointed by what we fail to reach, or annoyed by what we cannot help. So may our sufferings be minimized and our joys enlarged.



WHETHER there is any true meat in that old saw about patient waiters being no losers, it may take a little more time to tell. Tips in this land of large opportunities, have resembled kissing, in that they have gone by favor.

How many of their constitutional rights the waiters can assert without imperilling that measure of the public favor that finds expression in tips is a thing that can be ascertained only by experiment. Are we to understand that waiters who wear moustaches have successfully asserted all their rights and receive salaries which make them indifferent to gratuities? If

so, so be it. The dining American does not insist upon the fee system, nor does he care much one way or the other about the moustaches, but he likes hot plates.

THE fox took a prejudice against the lion's cave because all the footprints thereabouts pointed the same way. For analogous reasons there seems to be a possibility of prejudice against the bishopric of Massachusetts. All the recent tracks around the Bishop's house in Boston appear to have been made by gentlemen in a hurry to get away. What is the matter? Is it such a terrible job to be Bishop of Massachusetts? Or can it be that Dr. Brooks's empty shoes look so abnormally large that even the more distinguished clerical brethren are seized with panic at the sight of them!

LIFE laments that the unwillingness of the most eminent piano-pounder to pound any pianos except Mr. Steinway's should have imperilled the harmony of the Chicago Fair. If it was our Fair and Paderewski had a distinct preference for any special piano we think he should have that piano no matter who made it. It certainly appears to the casual observer that if Paderewski gives his services for Chicago, he certainly ought to have something to say about the instrument to be used.



"YOU LOOK SLEEPY. YOU MUST HAVE BEEN UP WITH THE BOYS LAST NIGHT."
 "I WAS. WE HAVE TWINS AT OUR HOUSE."

AN ACCIDENT.

"THE newsboys were shouting an extra for an 'Accident on the Elevated,' and I bought one."

"What was it?"

"A man who got on at Park Place found a vacant seat."

DRUGGIST: I'm going to discharge that new clerk. He's too careless.

FRIEND: What has he done?

DRUGGIST: This morning he sold a wild eyed woman a dose of poison and trusted her for the money.



FAIR AND ABOVE BOARD.

THE NEW DECALOGUE.

THOU shalt name no more animals in Central Park after Me, for I am jealous of my reputation for beauty. If you believe that I am the missing link I will smite thee.

Thou shalt elect only Me to office, and thou shalt make many offices for the purpose of presenting them to Me.

Whenever thou seest a good thing, such as the extension of a railroad or the private appropriation of a public street, or the laying out of grub and whiskey to entertain a foreign Jook, thou shalt let me be first in it. When there are parades thou shalt build seats for Me and My cousins, at thine own expense. Fail in these things and I will pass laws against thee, and will cause the cleaners to neglect the street that is before thine house, and will make the police to complain of thine ash barrels.

Thou shalt never speak or think of Me save as the cleanest, soberest, wisest, wittiest, most hospitable and most moral of mankind. If thou dost I will call thee a Know Nothing and a Dude, and will repudiate thee with dynamite and bricks, particularly if thou sayest that I am quarrelsome.

If my relatives in Ireland hunger and thirst, thou shalt send them exceeding much food and drink, with money to buy more, and shalt not ask them to work until it is all gone. When thou art tired of doing this, thou shalt make places for them on the police force.

But when anything wrong happens in England, beware thou speakest not of it with regret, because I ought to own England, and it must not be thought of with respect until I do. Because it is My birthright to have fun with other people—not to allow other people to have fun with me.

See that on the 17th of March thou putttest green flags on all thy buildings, and that thou eatest no oranges on that day; also that thou goest forth becomingly attired in green ribbons and shamrocks. See that thou closest thy schools and refrainest from all trade, except the liquor trade, for on that day I own the town, the same as on other days.

Unless thou art well insured never dispute Me when I say that Columbus, Henry Hudson, the Pilgrims, George Washington, Abraham Lincoln and Captain Smith were Irish, and that the armies of America in 1776 and 1812 as well as the soldiers on both sides in the civil war were Irish, too, for it hurts My feelings to be contradicted.

Esteem it an honor to be arrested by Me once in a while, when I am jubilant, and grieve not that I dally with thy scalp, for that is needful to prove how superior I am to thee and thine. Seek no redress at court, for I have a pull. And



"HERE'S DER LAUNTRY, UND FADER VANTS TO KNOW OF YOU CAN'T VASH YUST DER BOSOMS OF DER SHIRTS FOR HALF PRICE?"

write not of it in thy newspapers—thy domd Amurriken newspapers—for it is against the law to resist Me.

Raise Me a golden throne and put Me on it. Burn incense and fifty-cent cigars at My feet. Give Me things. Anything. Everything. As I am large minded and generous; everything is Mine by right. Give nothing to anybody else. Give Me the earth and everything that is on it. For I am great. I am the Mick. Bow ye down and worship.

A WONDERFUL KNOWLEDGE.

THE SINGLE MAN: No, sir. You might hunt the wide world over, and you would not find a more sensible, reasonable little girl than the one I am going to marry.

THE MARRIED MAN: I guess you haven't known her very long, have you?

THE SINGLE MAN: Known her! Why, man, I have been with her constantly for three weeks!

IT MAKES A DIFFERENCE.

"**BOGGS** must have a poor memory. He has been owing me five dollars for a year."

"On the contrary, I think he has a good memory. I owe him five dollars, and he asks me for it every time he sees me."

WANTED.—By wealthy American parents, a young nobleman of good title, whose previous record will be overlooked. Payment of purchase money accompanying daughter to be properly guaranteed.

TIME IS DEAD.

TIME is dead! Ah, do not weep,
Why should you or I care whether
He e'er wakes from the long sleep.
Time is dead when we're together.

Time's alive—he's young and strong,
And sporting in the mountain heather.
Time but slept—and that not long,
He woke to find us not together.

Tom Hall.

ANYTHING FOR NOVELTY.

ACCORDING to information received from the *New York Times*, that newspaper has suddenly become a marvel of truth, dignity and enterprise. The *Times* certainly ought to know. Of the enterprise, there is no question after its publication the other day of a portrait of President Cleveland. It was rather a poor portrait, although large and occupying considerable space in the paper, but how glad the public must have been to get an idea of Mr. Cleveland's face! Where did the *Times* find a photograph of that gentleman? This restless energy is all very well, but the *Times* must not push it too far. If some of its lynx-eyed reporters stumble across a map of the United States, the *Times* would probably reproduce it at once, just for the sake of being the first in the field.

SMITH: I met a man to-day who told me I looked like you.

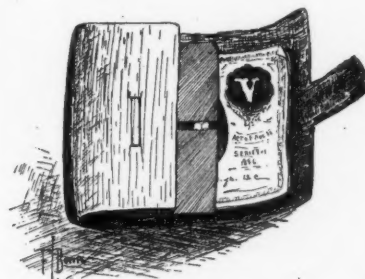
JONES (*fiercely*): Who was it? If I can find him I'll knock him down.

SMITH (*calmly*): Don't trouble yourself; I knocked him down at once.

OUTSIDE a barber's shop was hanging an old sign with the head of a man painted on it and a hand pointing to the chin, with the following inscription from the old English psalter.

Man wants but little here below.
Nor wants that little long.

MONEY makes the dun go.

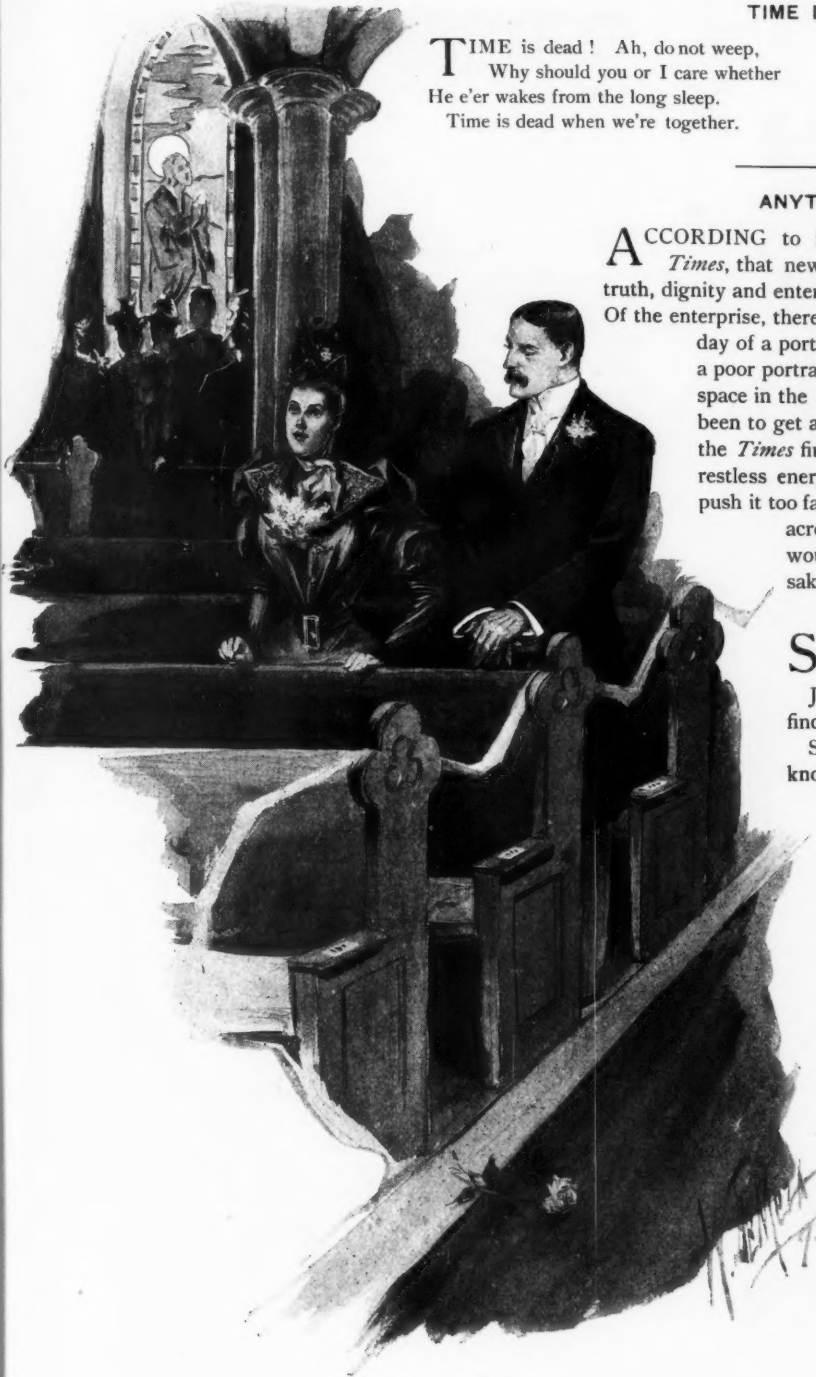


A FRIEND IN NEED.

IN CHICAGO.

She: MRS. LAKELEIGH IS VERY LUCKY. EVERY TIME SHE MARRIES, SHE GETS A RICH HUSBAND.

He: YES; AND ALWAYS DIVORCES A POOR ONE.



JUST AS USEFUL WITHOUT IT.



BOOKISHNESS

'THE WORLD OF CHANCE.'

HE began to wonder if life had not all been a chance with him. . . . Success had happened; it had not followed; and he did not deserve any praise for what had merely happened. . . . He had found the same caprice, the same rule of mere casualty in the world which we suppose to be ordered by law—the world of thinking, the world of feeling. . . . Yet somehow we felt, we knew, that justice ruled the universe. Nothing that seemed chance was really chance. It was the operation of a law so large that we caught a glimpse of its vast orbit once or twice in a lifetime. It was Providence. —From "The World of Chance" (Harper's) by W. D. Howells.

There are two classes of men who are apt to think that they have done it all themselves—the successful young man, and the successful old man. Each is gifted with that exceptional vitality which makes its own intense thoughts, emotions and actions blot out everything else. With the young man it is the fresh vigor of youth; with the old man, the pertinacity of healthy age. It is hardly accurate to call this an "illusion of egotism," as the bulk of only moderately successful men and failures are wont to say. Isn't it nearer truth to say that it is the consciousness which force brings to the strong man that in the long run strength wins? Because most people are weaker than the strongest, it isn't right for them to assert that the strong deceive themselves. Why not simplify the whole question by considering results in the world of thought and feeling as the manifestations of energy, which are just as inevitable as a certain precipitate from the union of two chemicals. Imagine what laughter of the elements there would be in the chemical world if H^2S asserted that it was mere chance that H^2O became water instead of the vile odor which we call sulphuretted hydrogen!

* * *

SO it was with the hero of Mr. Howells's clever story; it is hard to conceive of any combination of circumstances which could have made of him a successful railroad man, but his success as an author was due to the fact that all his energy for years had tended in that direction, and he threw himself into chemical union, as it were, with other energies which were working in that direction. The inevitable result was a book that sold 46,000 copies in a short time, and saved him from an uncomfortable love match with a woman of literary tendencies. It was not chance which was kind to him there, but a fine, able-bodied Law which does its best to save men who write from marrying women in the same business. Mr. Howells could not have been kinder to his hero than to rescue him from union with a literary critic.

One is glad to leave the young man on his way to his old Midland home with visions in his susceptible mind of the bright, healthy provincial girls who never in their happy lives came in contact with a real "literary atmosphere." One hopes that he stays long enough in the town to win one of them, and then settles down in a wide, old house with a sweep of green fields from its library windows, and a line

of blue hills on the horizon where his fancy may always play in sunshine and storm. If he does that, his next book will be more successful than the first; and it won't be due to a World of Chance, but to a World of Law which delights in high hopes, in strength, in energy—the forces of Nature working their best in the clear air of God's country.

Droch.

NEW BOOKS.

STORIES OF A WESTERN TOWN. By Octave Thanet. Illustrated by A. B. Frost. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Odd Women. By George Gissing. New York and London: Macmillan and Company.

Voodoo Tales. Collected by Mary Alicia Owen. Illustrated by Juliette A. Owen and Louis Wain. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

George William Curtis. By William Winter. New York and London: Macmillan and Company.

A Study in Temptations. By John Oliver Hobbes. New York: Cassell Publishing Company.

Stories about Lawyers. By J. Cordy Jeaffrason. New York: G. W. Dillingham.

Forty Years a Gambler on the Mississippi. By George H. Devol. New York: G. W. Dillingham.



FOR THE SAKE OF ARGUMENT.

"NOW, SUPPOSING I BORROWED FIVE DOLLARS FROM YOU; THAT WOULD REPRESENT CAPITAL, WOULDN'T IT?"

"YES."

"BUT, SUPPOSING, AFTER AWHILE, YOU WANTED TO GET IT BACK—"

"THAT WOULD REPRESENT LABOR."

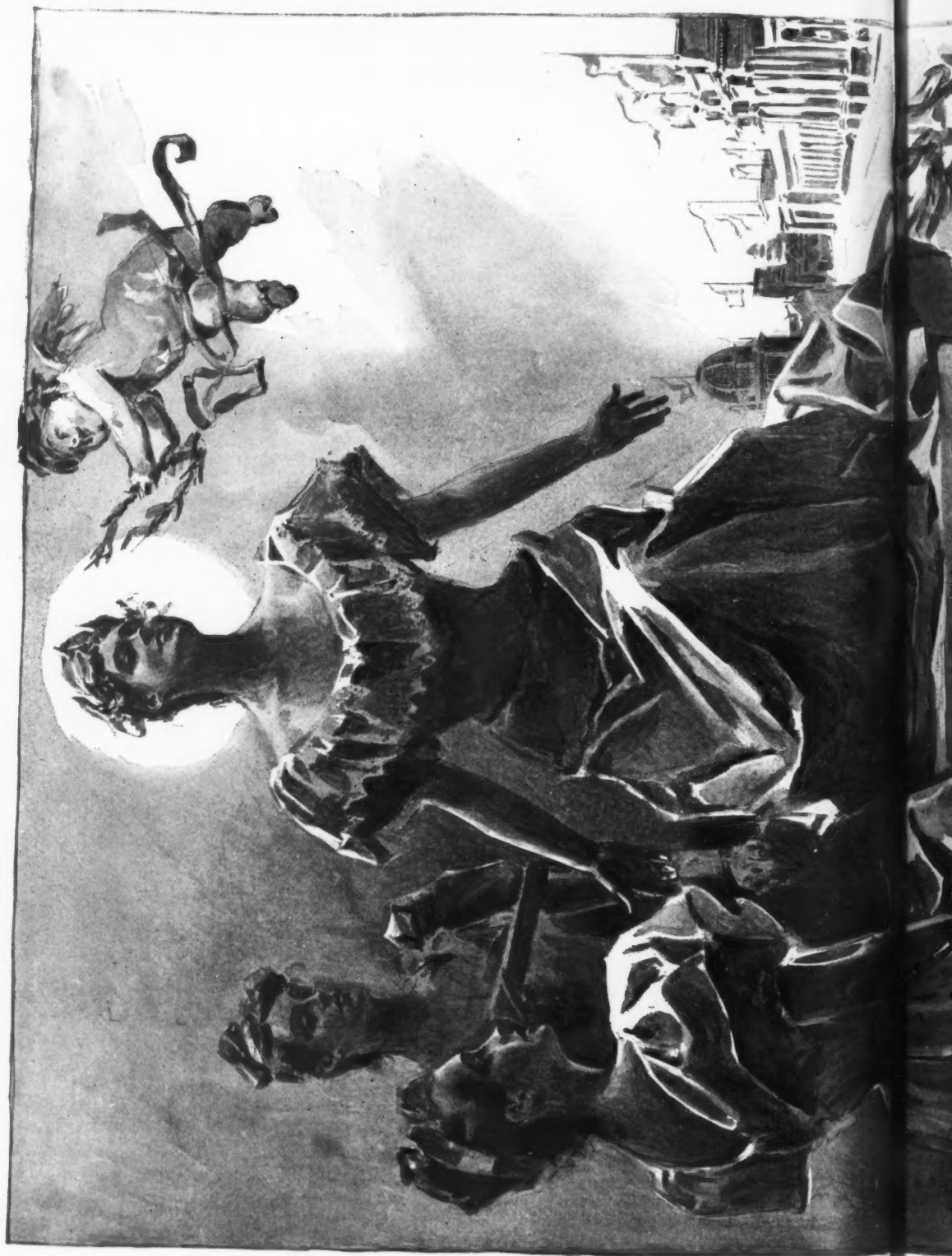


OUTRAGEOUS.



AS we've dared to call the monkeys in the Zoo by Irish names, Erin's sons, in wrath, declare us snobs and flunkies; And demand that we withdraw them—nor should we ignore their claims—
For it's really very hard—upon the monkeys.

• LIFE •





TO THE CITY OF CHICAGO.

WITH *Life's* HEARTY CONGRATULATIONS ON THE ARTISTIC CONSUMMATION OF A GREAT WORK.



THREE EXPERIMENTS.

NOWADAYS we are getting some excellent examples of what not to do in play-writing. Each of three plays produced at Palmer's last week contains a suggestion of this negative sort.

The first was an adaptation from the French of Octave Feuillet under the title of "Twilight." It demonstrated admirably that there are some plays, even by eminent French authors, that are not worth adapting.

The third, "Two Old Boys," showed that it is quite possible to make a rather humorous idea very depressing by attenuating it too much, and by smothering it with talk. It also showed what a handicap a poor actress can be even to a poor piece. The excellent work of Messrs. J. H. Stoddart and E. M. Holland was sadly marred by the incompetence of the *Kate Mowbray* of the play.

It was the second play in the order of performance, however, which was of greatest importance. It was Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich's own dramatization of his "Mercedes," performed by a thoroughly competent cast and excellently staged. Such actors as Mr. Henley, Mr. Barrymore, Miss Arthur and



"SO YOU HAVE NAMED THE BABY 'OBADIAH T.' WHAT DOES THE 'T' STAND FOR?"

"OH, THAT MEANS 'TEMPORARILY'—UNTIL HE GETS HIS UNCLE OBADIAH'S MONEY, YOU KNOW."



"ON THE HALF SHELL."



ONE THING OR THE OTHER.

"SAY, HAVE YOU GOT ANY ENGLISH OYSTERS AMONG THOSE YOU'RE OPENING FOR ME?"

"No."

"WELL, IF THAT'S THE CASE, THE LAST ONE I SWALLOWED WAS BAD."



"IT MUST BE AWFULLY LATE. WHAT TIME IS IT, GUSSIE?"

"REALLY, I CAWN'T TELL YOU. ME WATCH IS STOPPED. YOU SEE, MY VALET TENDS TO THE WATCHES AND ALL THAT SORT OF THING, YOU KNOW, AND LAHST NIGHT WAS HIS NIGHT OFF, AND I SUPPOSE THE BLOOMING THING SHOULD HAVE HAD SOMETHING DONE TO IT. THERE'S A LITTLE THING IN THE END THAT HE TURNS WOUND AT NIGHT; BUT HE'LL BE BACK, AND HE'LL KNOW, DON'TCHERKNOW."

Mrs. Bowers are thoroughly competent to bring out all there is in a piece of this nature and that the result was unsatisfactory reflects only on the play itself. The first act suffered from the fault usual to the early dramatic work of men who have gained their training only in the field of printed literature. There was too little action to the square mile of only fair dialogue. The action in the second act was in considerably greater proportion, but here too the telling strokes of the experienced dramatist were missing. The varying effect of the poison upon the different individuals was most fortunate for bringing out the story of the play, but as a problem in toxicology it would have staggered the combined professional wisdom of all the experts in the Buchanan trial.

Mr. Palmer is to be commended for making these experimental productions, but we confess that the results, both in this case and in that of the Theatre of Arts and Letters, is rather disheartening to those who expected to see our stage literature improved when the energies of our literary men were turned in its direction.

Metcalfe.

LAYMAN: Did you ever suffer from stage fright?
THESPIAS: Once; on a Fifth avenue stage.

PENELOPE: You say he has more brains than the average society young man?

PERDITA: Yes.

PENELOPE: Well, but has he any?



"LIVING ON THE FAT OF THE LAND."



IT'S DIFFERENT NOW.

TIME was when good old Boston
Was the literary town,
But its fame is slowly falling
And its tone is going down.
For the West is now ascendant
With its enterprising men,
And Chicago beats the whole world
With the product of the pen.

—Boston Budget.

LITTLE JOHNNY (reading): See the fat cat. Can the fat cat see a rat? Yes; the cat can see the rat, and the fat cat can get the rat if the rat did not run. But the cat can run—

JOHNNY'S SISTER (interrupting): Why, what a beautiful pastel in prose!
—Indianapolis Journal.

MRS. SCOLDWELL: I wouldn't allow my husband to drink as some men do. My husband always comes home sober.

MRS. KUTE (sotto voce): Sober? I should think dejected a better word to express it.

Back numbers of LIFE can be had by applying at this office. Single copies of Vols. I. and II. out of print. Vol. I., bound, \$20.00. Vols. II., VIII., XIII. and XIV., \$20.00 each, bound. Vols. VII., X., XI., XII., XV. and XVI., \$15.00 each, bound. Vols. III., IV., V., VI., IX., XVII. and XVIII., \$10.00 each, bound. Vols. XIX. and XX., \$5.00 each. Back numbers, one year old, 25 cents per copy. Subscribers wishing address changed will greatly facilitate matters by sending old address as well as new.

THE GREAT MEDICINAL FOOD.

IMPERIAL GRANUM

PURE, DELICIOUS, NOURISHING FOOD

IS UNRIVALLED IN THE SICK-ROOM THE SAFEST FOOD FOR INVALIDS AND CONVALESCENTS, FOR NURSING-MOTHERS, FOR INFANTS AND CHILDREN FOR DYSPYPTIC, DELICATE, INFIRM AND AGED PERSONS.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS - PREPARED BY JOHN CARLE & SONS, CHICAGO.

SUPREMACY

DUNLAP & CO.

TRADE MARK

COPYRIGHTED

CELEBRATED HATS,

—AND—

Ladies' Round Hats and Bonnets And The Dunlap Silk Umbrella.

75 & 120 Fifth Avenue, bet. 22d & 23d Sts. and 181 Broadway, near Cortlandt St. NEW YORK.

Almer House, Chicago. 914 Chestnut St., Phila. E.W. Agencies in all Principal Cities. Gold Medal Awarded, Paris Exposition, 1889.

Always Reliable.

The Original Davidson Syringe.

If you wish an instrument that you can depend upon, get the genuine Davidson Syringe.

PIEDMONT, Mo., Dec. 15, '92. I have been using your Syringes for years, and always find them reliable. DR. L. M. PETTIT.

The genuine is always marked on the label: Made by the

DAVIDSON RUBBER CO., Boston, Mass.

CROUCH & FITZGERALD,

NEW YORK.

MAKE THE MOST RELIABLE

Trunks, Bags, Dress Suit Cases, Hat Cases,

For American and European Travel.

161 BROADWAY, bet. Cortlandt and Liberty Sts. 608 BROADWAY, bet. Fourth and Great Jones Sts. 701 SIXTH AVENUE, bet. 40th and 41st Sts.

SEND FOR A CATALOGUE.

Blanket Wraps

For Lounging, For the Sick Room, For the Nursery, For the Bath, For Yachting, For Men, Women, Children, and the Baby, 1.75 to \$35, with hood and girdle complete. Samples and full instructions sent on application.

AT NOYES BROS., 426 WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON, U. S. A.

LIFE BINDER.

CHEAP, STRONG AND DURABLE.

Will hold 46 numbers. Mailed to any part of the U. S. for \$1.00, postage free.

ADDRESS OFFICE OF LIFE, 28 W. 23D ST., NEW YORK.

CONTIGUITY to greatness is sometimes embarrassing, as an office-seeker from Arkansas found when he was ushered into Mr. Cleveland's presence, the other day. "Mr. President," he said, "I am a plain American citizen who has no influence beyond the respect and esteem of the people of two States, and I would like to be consul-general at Rome, Egypt." "Rome, Egypt, did you say?" asked the President. "Yes, sir; and I know that I could fill the office with satisfaction to the government. I came to leave my papers. Here they are. Good-day." "Good Lord!" he said, a half-hour later, when the sense of his error flashed over him; "here I am, a thousand miles from home—came all the way to get the office, and the President thinks I don't know that Rome is in Italy. I am going home to-night."—Argonaut.

OLD GENTLEMAN: What would you like to be when you grow up?
BOY: I'd like to be a bricklayer.
"That's a commendable ambition. Why would you like to be a bricklayer?"
"Cause there's so many days when bricklayers can't work."—Street & Smith's Good News.

"You demand high wages," said the mistress of the house, "but I am willing to pay good wages to a good girl. You are prepared to give satisfaction, I suppose, in the matter of references?"

"As to references, mum," replied the young woman in the gay bonnet, haughtily, "I don't require 'em. References is out of place between ladies."—Chicago Tribune.

WIFE: How do you like my new hat?
HUSBAND: The idea of paying big prices for—
WIFE: Big prices! Why, I made it myself.
HUSBAND: Um—yes—er—as I was saying, the idea of paying big prices for such monstrosities as the milliners are showing! Now, your hat is a work of art. Looks as if it came from Paris. Beautiful, my dear!—New York Weekly.

WILLIAMS' SHAVING STICK.

Lather

the cool—soft creamy sort, the kind that never dries on the face—never crusts—never draws or smart—That's the kind produced by

WILLIAMS' SHAVING STICK.

It costs no more than other kinds, but it gives vastly more comfort.

Sold at all good Drug Stores for 25c.

The J. B. WILLIAMS CO., Glastonbury, Conn., Proprietors famous "YANKEE" Shaving Soap.

CARMEL

CARMEL SOAP is made only from sweet Olive Oil by a Mission Society in Palestine. Being absolutely pure and possessing the emollient properties of Olive Oil, it is unsurpassed for the Toilet and Bath and superior to all other soaps for the Teeth and Hair.

It is the only perfectly safe soap for the NURSERY and Invalids. If your druggist or grocer does not keep it, send 15 cents for sample cake to the importer.

A. KLIPSTEIN, 122 Pearl St., New York.

SPAULDING & Co

(INCORPORATED.)

Gold and Silver Smiths, CHICAGO.

It is universally admitted that the Paris designs are the most unique and beautiful that can be secured. Our Paris house has us supplied with all the latest novelties from France—and all Europe—is constantly producing. Our stock includes all kinds of Time-Pieces—the best made at home and abroad—Sterling Silverware—Diamonds of the first water—Clocks, Gems, Etc.—a-Brac, Fans, etc.

Send for our "Suggestion Book"—free.

36 Ave. de l'Opera, Paris. State & Jackson Chicago.

For Cleansing and Preserving the Teeth use

Dentellaria Tooth Wash.

AT ALL FIRST-CLASS DRUGGISTS

PROPRIETORS:

EWING & COMPANY, - Jersey City.

HOTEL ARVERNE

ARVERNE-BY-THE-SEA.

30 minutes from Long Island City by L. I. R.

SURF BATHING, FISHING,

and all comforts of a Modern Summer Hotel.

Opens June 21.

GEO. M. BROCKWAY, Manager. 28 West 30th Street.

LEWIS G. TEWKSBURY,

Banker, New York, buys and sells

Exchange on all parts of the world